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WHO AM I ?

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# WHO AM I

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To him they (the faces in the street) were all the masks of a deity, the heads of a hundred-headed Indian God of nature. Each one of them looked towards some quarter of the heaven, not looked upon by any other eyes. Each one of them wore some expression, some blend of eternal joy and eternal sorrow, not to be found in any other countenance. The sense of the absolute sanctity of human difference was the deepest of all his senses. . . . Browning believed that *to every man that ever lived upon this earth had been given a definite and peculiar confidence of God. Each one of us was engaged on secret service ; each one of us had a peculiar message ; each one of us was the founder of a religion.* Of that religion our thoughts, our faces, our bodies, our hats, our boots, our tastes, our virtues and even our vices, were more or less fragmentary and inadequate expressions.

G. K. Chesterton





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( 1 )

With my Self unknown, that is, unrelated to its constituents and to the rest, unordered, I feel helpless and hopeless. But knowing oneself is like placing oneself at the centre, with all else of itself weaving round that centre into a web, receiving meaning and significance from me and giving the same to me. He who knows himself knows the *Vedic Samhita*, cosmic order, and *vice versa*. To know the Self is to know the Supreme sanction and Purpose—the *Paramartha*. He who knows shines, becomes a *Devata* and as light is power, the knower as if claims the throne of *Indra*, having attained *Indrahood*, *Indratva*. Blessed are the givers of light and rainers of plenty. Power is fullness, is health, inexhaustible. The true power is the power of light; the power of darkness is symbolized by Ahi, the Serpent, the Cave-mind, the grabbing-mind, the piled mind.

( 2 )

Who am I ? First, in relation to myself, then in relation to the visible and the invisible, and lastly, in relation to the matrix, the substratum of all relationship, and also to the Unrelate, Indeterminable, Indeterminant.

( 3 )

Who am I ? He who knows himself alone knows the whence and whither and why. But to feel that one is limited, bound by whence behind and whither in the front, and why on right and left, is to feel lost even before the fight is begun. Honestly and frankly, I am aware and sure of my I-ness, no less, no more. In respect of myself I am aware that somehow I am the master, I am more than body and mind, feeling and emotion, waking and dreaming and dreamlessness. I am not only more than all that but on the path to the most. Even my failings and failures will, somehow, have contributed to making me more and most. Is this a handicap, is this a blessing ?

( 4 )

And yet I am afraid of standing alone, Mighty and Most and All-sufficient-Unto-myself and All-Right-in-Me though I stand. For He, they say, was not happy alone. He felt small and static and unhappy. He was not *Brahman*, he wanted to be *Brahman*, to grow, to go as the fire goes and to leap up and to move and to expand and to multiply. Alas ! and Hurrah ! we can grow on the plane of desire and prayer to become the most. He moved in the waters of His own Being for there was no one else except Him. Eternal motion, infinite motion can only take the shape of rest and motion in the waters, can assume a circular, repetitive form and can never be linear. It means going and returning both. In wanting to be very

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great He became very small. Is He not both *Virata* and *Vamana* or *Angushtha matra* ? He became Me.

( 5 )

Who am I ? A window on the timeless. Who am I ? An eye on the spaceless. Who am I ? A line of verse of the Poem of Causelessness. Who am I ? A leaf, a flower, a seed ; A song, a wave, a bird, a ray. All knowledge begins and ends as, at first, a similitude, and then an identity. I know myself better through similes and metaphors. And by comparing myself to a window, I understand both the window and myself better. I annex the window, the tree, the star, the horse, the wheel, the dawn, the village, the cow to my awareness, to the domain of my becoming, thereby growing more and bigger. The *Vedic* Seer wanted to know himself and lo ! he started by concentrating on a knowledge of the visible, the shining, the *Devas* and the *Devatas*. I have to go out in the first stage of self-knowledge ; when I return I shall have brought such light as will easily illumine any ignorance of self left in me. Everything I see in my journey outwards, I refer to myself, the Ultimate Reference Book. I relate myself to everything and thereby see the hidden in me unfolded, uncoiled. Reveal and reveal are philologically the same.

( 6 )

You cannot know anything unless you have thoroughly identified yourself with it and to identify

yourself with something outside you, on the thought plane, on the emotion level, on the physical surface, is to share that object's destiny, limitations, sorrows and evils as much its joys and virtues. To know myself I must know the universe around me and to know the universe I must become a part, a full, working and suffering partner of it. And how long will a full knowledge of the universe take? Shall I wait till then? And then, identity with nature involves me in the good and evil of nature. I become static and dynamic, black and white, cruel or impotent, as I identify myself with, seek the knowledge of, rest and motion, night and day, stone or flower. What then ?

( 7 )

All knowledge is knowledge of the function or functions. Such knowledge is infallible, is the final authority. Function or functioning is equivalent to *Karma*. The *Veda* is infallible because it is the *vidya* of *Karma*. Knowledge is the result of identity or *Yoga*, joining completely, and knowledge is knowledge of function. Hence *Karma Yoga* is both the start and the goal. I function to know myself and I know myself to function well and truly. If I know well and truly I know both light and darkness, both good and evil, both progress and retrogression, both life and death.

( 8 )

There is such a thing, such a stage or level, as of unattached identification, pure knowledge and

purposeless functioning, *Nishkāma Karma*, *Vishuddha Jnana* and *Bhakti*, or *Sambuddhi Yoga*. True seeing is dispassionate seeing, seeing whole, seeing from the fifth dimension. True love, fullest love, freest love is only possible on the supra-mental plane where no *Vasana* or desire intervenes. True being, infinite being, is awareness of nothing else but being.

( 9 )

Who am I ? I am I, in the first instance ; that is the immediate answer. But there are infinite I's. Are all these I's one in some *Brihad*, very big, Most I ? There is a palace of Awareness and each I is a window in the palace. Or each I is a separate room with its own window, having nothing to do with the rest. But I do feel I am not unconnected with the rest. For there is functional similarity and identity. Take any phenomenon, individual or collective, whether of heat, light, electricity or magnetism, or of tribal, national or international living, or of vegetable, mineral, animal or astronomical worlds. Its similarity and identity with Man is there, Man who has the vices of his virtues and the privileges of his handicaps. There is not only functional identity but mutual responsiveness. In making angels, man rises to angel-hood; in making machines man descends to mechanicality. Gardening reacts on man as does meat-selling; spinning lies and spinning yarn have their special separate effects on the weaver and the politician. The reward comes to me at every step of my activity. Ere the man I have stabbed or

bombed, breathes his last, I have received my punishment; he has avenged himself on me. I have fallen in the very act. On the other hand, the moment I have raised my hands, bowed my head in prayer or uttered a hymn, I have touched God and received His Grace. The farthest can be touched only by the fastest-thought.

( 10 )

Who am I ? I am one of the many and diverse, but somehow I am related to all gone before, all present, and all still to come. Maybe my relationship with them is of life in general, of purpose in common, of common destiny. I feel, again honestly and frankly, that the others are purposely placed here either to serve me or to thwart me, to please me or to annoy me, either to contribute to my growth or to detract from my greatness, either to hold the mirror to me or to veil the truth from my sight. Why do I want to possess them all, to exploit them all ? Why am I not happy alone ? Why must I have the thinking head, the striking arm, the producing, storing, supporting thigh and the all-serving, suffering feet in the shape of the *Brahmana*, the *Kshatriya*, the *Vaishya* and the *Sudra* ? Why must the star and the dust, the flower and the thorn, the day and the night, the snow and the fire, the river and the pool—all, all be there to minister to me ? I would reject all smiles and no tears as I reject all tears and no smiles. Why this alternating desire for loneliness and companionship, for war and peace ?

Who am I ? I am a unity wading its way through a sea of opposites. I want to grow by devouring all, by pervading all, by assimilating all and then breathing out all, pouring out all, dropping off all, detaching myself from all. I am functioning dualistically, metonymically, but I am unity, my purpose is unity, and perhaps even my function is unitive; it is one extension from aye to nay, from positive to negative, the illusion of time, place, cause, making the single appear as double or dual. The interval between two thoughts is time and space, and arouses the illusion of causation through time and space. One thing, however, is plain. I feel bound, feel unhappy, feel ignorant, feel as if cheated of life in time and space and cause. I do not want to die; I do not want to be ignorant; I do not want to be unhappy. All my hopes and fears can be classified under one or other of these three heads. I want knowledge, life and bliss at the expense of everything, of everybody else. Well, if somehow all this turns out to be a unity, a system, a whole, an order, if somehow, at some level, all the I's count, shall I not have to pay, shall I not be harming myself in harming another, impoverishing myself in robbing another; shall I not have to pay ? Is not there another path, a safer one, one going along which I shall not be afflicted with reactions ? Maybe I can have life by giving life, I can have joy by giving joy, I can have knowledge by giving knowledge. The problem of problems therefore is: Do I stand alone, or in relatedness to the



entire lot of I's; is this world a system, one integral whole, from heaven to earth, from the individual to the race, from the past to the future, from one cause to all causes, or is it all a terrific mess? Looking at my own body, my own mind, my own intellect, my own dreaming and waking and dreamless states, my own manifold longings and experiences and divisions, I find that it is one whole, pervaded by Me. I connate and collate all experience and integrate it and give it value. What if I am to the whole as a part, the smallest part or desire or action of mine is to me?

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Who am I? Through every thought, through every action, through every contact, I am asking this question. Every object in nature, every heart, throbs out, echoes and re-echoes the vital query, who am I? Life shouts this question through every window, every star, every age, every bit of space, every cause. The man who murders another is asking it of the man whom he murders and the victim asks it of the vanquisher. Day asks it of night and night of day. Heaven asks it of earth and earth asks it of heaven. We hear the question reverberating on all sides, but not the answer, unless the question bears the answer within its womb, unless the question be itself a form of the answer, a veiled form if you please, an extension, the first part of the answer. He who does not ask the question is not alive, has not acquired the status of I-ness, of Life, of Joy, of Knowledge. No, there is none so dead as

not to nourish and cherish this question. To word and frame and mouth this question is to confess that there is somewhere a full and final fulfilment of myself which I have yet to attain, to confess that I have not attained to the awareness which puts no questions but rests content in its silence. The *Brahman* saw all and out of the fulness of His awareness and joy and knowledge voiced, I am *Brahman*, I am the very greatest, the very fullest. It was tantamount to saying I am I, I am what I am. Can *we* say that, with hunger and death and misery facing us within and without. He was able to say what He said as He saw His own greatness, light, sound, magnetism, fire, life, desire, everywhere. Not so we, who still ask, who am I, who am I? When and as we see something else, we ask who am I, who am I? He who sees nothing else than himself is never moved impatiently and impetuously to ask, who am I? This division between I and not-I, mine and not-mine, has originated the tragedy for me. The tragedy is not universal, it is individual or personal, if you like it. Maybe while the rest of the world is saying, you are part of me, you hear it not, and say, aye, I am not you, but then tell me who am I? He who hears the music of the spheres, he who converses with the angels, he who dances with the fairies, runs with the wind, agitates with the waters, stands with the earth, he who dreams with the grass and burns with the forest, he does not split the infinitive, does not split the atom, does not split the race, does not parcel the world, nor divide, parcel humanity

into classes; he does not even parcel action into good and bad, time into past and present, cause into just and unjust, feeling into physical and spiritual.

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To ask who am I is really to ask why do I suffer, why do I die, why am I so weak and imperfect. Man is so susceptible to physical injury because he is so very mental—he is all desires and emotions and thoughts; he is so devilish because he is even higher than the angels; he is so mortal because he is intended for immortality, conditioned for it; he is so unhappy and ignorant because he alone has been made fit to attain infinite bliss and awareness; he is so weak because he is created for the attainment of the highest and widest spiritual strength; he is so beset, besieged, afflicted by maniness all around, from the family to the state and the iron system of nature, because he has been commissioned to assert, to reflect the superiority of the One to the many, to prove the possibility of the re-transformation of the many to the One through imitation.

Man is bound physically so that he may learn to escape mentally; he is again bound mentally to learn to escape spiritually and thus ultimately reach the goal on the level and by the means destined for him. Man is given over to death that he may learn the secret of immortality from Death itself. Death stops further questioning and gives him the final and full reply to all his questions. The father is the question; the son

is the answer. The nation is the question; the individual is the answer. History is the question; Poetry or Mythology is the answer. The lover is the question, the beloved is the answer. The Fire is the question, the Fire is the answer. The *Mahabharata* ( the Great Conflagration or Sacrifice ) is the question, the *Gita* ( Song of Joy ) is the answer.

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If there is any inter-relation between man and man, any mutual response, of understanding or love or likeness or teachership-discipleship, if there is any inter-relation between man and God, of devotion or surrender or recognition, then surely there is proven inter-relatedness between One and all, between all and One. I am, somehow, at some level or plane, linkable and linked with every object, every person, every idea, every time-space-cause. My eyes are linked to the Sun and the Moon; my feet to the earth; my breath to the cosmic dual motion, intake and outgive; my heart to the cosmic charge, and so on. Out of this whole I have, I have drawn into me a part which I give it back only to imbibe a little more or a little less again. I have the power and the weakness, virtue and vice, freedom and bondage, of the whole. I am a particular number which has its particular place and value in the indeterminate series, being an indeterminate myself. From zero to one there are infinite numbers ; from the created to the Creator are countless forms of becoming. Thus my new philosophy stands on three pillars : universal

inter-relation ; universal corresponsiveness ; and universal transformationalism. I am not only a number in the series, I respond to the other numbers and I am continuously being transformed into another number. The peculiarity of me is as patent as is my commonality. And this holds good of my physical part, my emotional part, my thinking part—no, not part but weapon.

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Much of my trouble arises out of my ignorance of the inter-relation between the body, the heart, the mind, and the I. I is the presiding awareness; the other three form a trio of objectivity. The heart objectifies or objectivates as the body; and the mind as the heart. The body is objectified heart—the feeling faculty. The solidification or objectivization occurs at a certain temperature, at a certain level, and as a result of the presence of a certain force in emotion and thought. Usually in the period represented by death and post-death, previous to another embodying, this force, this level, this temperature, obtains or assembles. The body is not a garment ; it is a word which incarnates an emotion, a thought, single or compound. As the universes are an objectivization of the wish of the Lord, so are our bodies the objectivizations of our thoughts and emotions, of a past unit of life. As God at no time or place and for no cause disconnects from the universe over which He as *Isvara* pre-sides, similarly the objectified body is at no time and in no part and under

no cause separated from or immune from the influence of the mind. We must not forget the relationship of steam to water and water to ice, nor of seed to trunk, trunk to leaf and flower, and then to seed again. In fact the entire universe is an illustration of our human life in all its several aspects, and conversely our human life illustrates in its working all the processes found manifest in nature. Thus there is a fundamental, basic, all-pointed relationship of functional correspondence. The pattern of that similar or identical functioning, responsive and inter-convertible, is fixed, fixed by His wish or will; that is why all I's see the same pattern, feel the same pattern, think the same pattern. The grass, the bird, the electron, the star, the engine, the poet, the aeroplane, all enact the same pattern and weave the same web, as a whole or in some part. The entire universe assembles at the sacrifice to create and sustain a man as the Greater Man sacrificed His whole to create and sustain the universe. Everywhere there is give and take, progress and return, within an orbit, according to fixed laws. The greater the objectivity, the more obvious is the law. But whether it is law or love or freedom, the presumption of relatedness, interdependence, inter-convertibility, interpenetration, responsiveness is there. I am related to all I's in the Greatest I; I am dependent somehow on all I's; I am convertible into every other I; every other I penetrates me as I penetrate every other I at some depth; every other I responds to me at some temperature. The whole universe

looks through the particular window which I am, as I look out at the whole universe through the window of my self. I am, therefore, the smallest as well as the greatest. Sharing in the individuality and universality of God and the universe, I am both alone and a company or companionship, representing a triangle with its apex below, a reversed reflection in the waters of being of God's triangle with apex up. Everywhere are reflections, whether physical, moral or spiritual; reflection in the sense of an image and also in the sense of a thought. It is a reflection and therefore an illusion, something you cannot grasp. My individuality is an illusion for it is a reflection, ungraspable, a very necessary fiction, true as long as it lasts, a dream which is very real in its effects. I am both a reality and a dream, both an idea and a fact, both illusion and allusion. On the physical side I am a fact, on the spiritual side I am a fiction; why, even, the reverse is true. Most vulnerable, least significant, most bound, least effective on the physical side, in myself I am all power, all meaning, all freedom, on the spiritual side of me, as a word in the Great Poem, as a change in the great changing, as a leaf on the great Tree, as a star in the vast firmament. Let me accept my freedom and bondage, strength and weakness, death and life, and get along, moving to and fro, and march merrily round.

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The Earth is the feet of the Greater Man; it is

the outermost limit of objectivization ; it is the point of return ; so is man. Remember the triangle with the apex down. Now centred in the body, becoming physically minded, I seek complete union on the body plane ; I seek the uttermostness of physical possessions ; I seek unending joy and infinite knowledge in terms of the body ; I seek completest freedom on the surface of objectivity. This is the real cause of my misery, my cruelty, my sinfulness. This is my fall. I am too unconscious of my physical and mental limitations and my spiritual freedom. I make too much use of the one and too little of the other. Either I want only to be a beast and no bird, or too much of a cuckoo and no cow. All the five elements, all the myriad forms of life, all the stars and the seasons, mix, mingle, blend in me. Why should I not utilize all ? Why should I not take cognizance and be aware of the multiplicity granted to me ? Let me enjoy freedom on the plane on which it is available ; enjoy bondage on the plane on which I am destined, patterned to taste it, and convert the one into the other through an establishment of interrelatedness. The Artist, the Poet, the Musician, the Seer go on performing the miracle of inter-convertibility or inter-transformation. The Scientist is doing the same, converting objects into ideas and ideas into objects, discovering old relationships and establishing new ones, interweaving matter and mind. Of course, try as he might, he cannot go beyond the pattern. Nothing that he acts or performs is outside the play, the conception and planning of the



playwright. He is greater than the greatest, and all our freedom and licence is in His mind, at His Level and from His angle, His Law, His Destiny, His Love for us. Freedom as we see it, feel it, think it, law and love as He sees it, feels it, thinks it.

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That I am related to the entire universe, seen and unseen, sympathetic or antipathetic, is proved not only by the similarity of my I-ness, a pure awareness of pure being, not only by functional similarity and identity between my self-processes and those of nature, but also by the fact that my special privilege of language and thought can only operate in terms of natural processes, of processes or objects of nature and human society. In simpler language, all language and thought is similitudinal or metaphorical ; thus language incarnates reality, epitomizes it. And the interrelation of language, its objectivization from thought and sound to sentence and meaning is symbolic, emblematic of interdependence, inter-convertibility, interpenetration and correspondence—corresponsiveness. Grammatical relations are human relations, philosophical relations, astronomical relations, mathematical relations, socio-economico-biological relations. The idea, then the sound, then the letter, then the word, then the sentence, and the completed sentence as a simile or a metaphor establishing a relationship, through interweaving, with others, and, finally, a speech or a poem



*All the myriad forms of life mix and blend in me....*



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or a hymn of praise or prayer. Further there is the foot, the transformation, the joining, the action, the subject or the act or the object or the result or the victim. Still more, the shape of the letter, the time of the action, the place, the mood and, finally, the meaning. All meaning arises from and is manifest in and as relationship. All knowledge is establishment of relationship, of seeing, feeling, hearing, etc., of one in terms of another. Who am I can only be fully and properly and multi-meaningly answered as my relationship to God, to other men, to nature, to my own vehicles, to time-place-cause. God knows his own meaning through the Universe. He creates, as the Artist knows his latent perfection only through the objects he paints, the forms he carves, the songs he words, the institutions he rears, the interpretations he puts. And there is no art without harmony, order, balance, perspective, foreground and background or simply fore and after. Production of harmony implies mastery of the opposites, assemblage of past and present, transcendence of good and evil. I can, therefore, know the answer to who am I, if I view things from a height, a coign of vantage, which is above both me and the rest, and then view both the one and the rest placed in position. Place yourself somewhere in the scheme, the order of things, and then study your functioning detachedly; then only will you know who you are. The motion must stop for howsoever short a period; the drop must separate from the ocean on the supra-mental plane;

then only can the seer view the motion, the drop realize its relationship. Rolling on the wheel of time-space-cause we can never apprehend the timeless, the causeless, the spaceless. I think the child, like the poet, can work this miracle. In our childhood we can stop time, slow it down completely, compress all past and future into yesterday and tomorrow, and establish a universal interrelationship and transcend the dualities of friend and foe, harmful and beneficial, and mix all colours, tastes, views, noises, touches, feelings, into one. The moon is nearer then, the future is next door, causes are controllable, unresistant, all-blended, or if you think it more apposite, jumbled up. Heaven jostles with earth, and angels and fairies move among human crowds. What a loss we incur in leaving behind that period of timelessness, spacelessness and causelessness. And yet who would forego the summer of youth or the winter of age. The seed is no more meaningful or enjoyable or illuminating than the trunk, the flower, the fruit. Darkness has its depths, its population, its benefits, as has light and the entire pattern must be lived by all I's as miniature gods informing their miniature universes. The universe of the atom is as alive and as vast as the universe of the Sun and the darkness in the cave of the heart is no smaller than the darkness of the stellar spaces and beyond. It is only the magnitude that differs, that appears or seems to differ. And yet the small and the great are relative. What then am I? Both very great and very small, infinite like decimal

something which can extend infinitely on the right side, but ever remaining less than one and only making one, totalling one with all the others who are countless. How can you comprehend the meaning of history, or of an individual, until you have totalled up all history, and all the past and future account of the individual. How can I know what am I and who am I till I have comprehended simultaneously all of me, in the past and in the future, alone and in relationship? It is easier to say who is God but so difficult to answer who am I for in His case, you go on using all names for Him, using all forms for Him, all spaces for Him. He who is most unknown is best known, He who is farthest is nearest *via* name and thought or even thoughtlessness—*Sunya*. I am so farther off from me, and all the time, at all spaces, and under the stress of every different cause, I feel as if I have not known the whole of me, as if I still have to discover myself in reaction to every new experience and fresh face and re-oriented day. Every day, every place, every event is going to show more of me to me. What an illusion, what a necessary illusion! And yet something in me, I feel, remains ever the same, the spectator of the vortex of change, the collection of experiences, the valuer, the assembler, the unconcerned Willer-Magician, knowing the most and ordering for it. Deprived of everything on death bed, I still feel I have got the best, made it a part of me, wherefore I am none the poorer. As to pain, I am going to emerge from it no worse. What hope, what confidence, what stability! Hope thrives on despair;

faith enriches itself with doubt and stability is at its best poised on a rope of dreams. I always pre-side—as much at my birth as at my death, pre, that is, before, and side, that is, pain and death and sorrow come to take me high up and deep down, to make me aware of my presidency, to show my detachability, to prove my subjectivity. Death merely spaces life, cause be-times continuity, and space betokens rest before motion. I never dies, is never cleft, for it is awareness, which links up motion to motion through rest. Universal life speaks through us as I.

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In trying to understand who am I, I have seriously to grapple with three problems. Do I count in this immense universe, not very friendly? Does the universe, without my being aware of it, advance my welfare and does it remember me when I pass out? Secondly, what is this sex-hunger, and, thirdly, why must I feed my stomach every day and undergo all the physical and mental torture and slavery and dailiness for feeding it? The immensity outside ought not to frighten me, for all this is but a counterpart of the immensity inside, and from within I can conquer my fear of it, from within I can even govern the immensity outside. The myriad things outside have been placed by me there; they are all present within me as whiteness and darkness, as earthiness and starriness, as heat and cold, as motion and rest, as growth and decay. Outside me their shapes and functionings are merely

objectivizations of abstract ideas which form a part of me and which I can appropriate. In seeing them I use them ; in using them I see them.

As to sex, let us not put the cart before the horse ; the third degree before the first degree ; the third root before the integral number. The sexual act is the puny, least satisfactory fulfilment of complete union with another, perhaps an opposite or complementary number. The union physical is so short and so empty of content in comparison to the union mental and the union spiritual. A union of thoughts is profounder and more fruitful. A harmony spiritual is the most satisfying for it spans across any distance of space or time or cause, for it is whole-man union, and unfettered by limitations or regrets. The Spiritual Union of which the physical union is an objectivization in the third degree, hence grosser, is possible with all objects, at all times and without the necessity of a cause, and possible with all objects and ideas. It is at bottom and originally the spirit that goes out to meet the spirit. In confining the desire to one, and to the physical plane, we are atrophying our self, enslaving our self, subjecting our self to misery and, therefore, sinning against the universe. The union of place is already there for I as a word am there in the poem of the universe linked, through the first creative action, to every other word. A union with a beautiful flower, a serene statue, a noble act, a throbbing star, and a cheerful day, is as much creative and blissful as the sexual act. It has been testified to by a saint



that no conjugal bliss is even a millionth part of the bliss of uttering His name once. All union, all relationship is conjugal, not excepting the relationship of knowledge, of mental similarity and spiritual identity. All relationship is creative. Relationship with one who is not wholly yours in law and love, to whom you have not wholly surrendered is a relationship of sin, of destruction, of bondage, of injustice ; it is an insult to society and a crime against God. All physical relationships are only pointers, indicators, metaphors of the spiritual relationship which alone is whole and complete and truly creative. This is the psychology of fear of the universe and of love of the woman.

Now about the third problem—that of physical hunger. Here too it is relatedness that has necessitated this hunger business, to illustrate and teach which the universe around has been created. Everything in nature and society howsoever small or great contributes to feed the fire of your body and mind and heart. You are forced to acknowledge this relatedness, to seek it, to suffer for establishing it. You feed the fire of nature and nature feeds the fire of your being. Hope and fear, love and charity, all expound the same interrelatedness, and your most urgent need has to be fulfilled by a most immediate co-operation between world forces. It is the understanding of that relatedness, interdependence, co-operation, inter-convertibility, interpenetration, correspondence, and corresponsive-

for bread, hunger for conjugal union, and even hunger for life. Every object and process is intended to serve, yield, a truth to us, the truth of relatedness. All life exists to illustrate, and thereby make more easily assimilable, the knowledge of the Pattern. We eat to know, we do not know to eat. Pain forces awareness, death makes awareness complete on all planes, and fear only throws ourselves upon our resources, makes us stand on end, on our own legs. The beginning is knowledge, the end is knowledge, the means is knowledge. Every act required of us by Nature and God and Society is a provision of material for a part of the answer to Who Am I.

( 19 )

In the presence of correspondency, we acquire knowledge whether we proceed outward or inward, and it is not necessary to have telescopes or microscopes or stethoscopes to observe and formulate, infer and deduce or induce. The ancients with nothing but their bodies, the book of stars, the book of seasons, the book of dreams, and the book of intuitions, were able to arrive at the same truths or laws. Only if you let the universe speak through you, it will reveal all its revealable secrets through your own mouth. Language itself is, as I have said elsewhere, a perfect embodiment, a revelation of all truths and laws, covering from the field of social polity to constellational movements. If nothing else, the very silences and darknesses of the Universe will voice them if your ears are attuned, if

your eyes are centred, if your mind is receptive, if your spirit is linked to, turned on, itself. The answers are there in plenty in varying colours and tones and curves ; we ourselves do not put the one question, who am I. Who will assure us that we count, that we are a part of the great scheme, an indispensable part, that even the ant and the blade of grass and the passing meteor and the fleeting sunbeam and the visiting dewdrop are strands of the web. Alas ! it is the mani-ness which confounds us. What is one sunbeam in the flood of life ? What is a dewdrop among the countless strings of pearls ? What is one meteor among millions and millions of stars ? What is this earth and this hour in eternity and infinity ? It is a great deal and it is indispensable. If time is an illusion, so is eternity, so is infinity. If the straight line is an illusion so is a circle. If God is fiction, so is man. If Philosophy is a figment of imagination, so is continuous history and documented biography : if fairies are fancies, so are races and nations. Centre yourself in Him, embed yourself in Him, and feel important, feel big, be the most. All our significance, all our beauty, all our knowledgefulness, all our joy, all our power is in and through the Universal Unity. Detached from Him and placed in a hostile, indifferent milieu of society and nature, we are reduced to what we physically are. Each of us is important only spiritually, important to God, important in co-operation, in correspondence, in interpenetratedness, in interdependence. God apart from His splendour, his greatness, *devatva*, *mahatta*,

which is manifest as mani-ness, is an unthinkable, powerless God. He then is reduced to zero, *Sunya*, which may be more and most or just positive nothingness. Is God afraid of His mani-ness? Why should we be afraid? The universe is mine, it is my mani-ness; the I that speaks in me, pre-sides at my body-mind, is the universal I, wherefore I should be most brave rather than cowardly and mean. All my illusions are reversed truths, they are very useful. As and at the smallest point I have a peculiarly advantageous position from which to look at things. Time, space, causation, contradictoriness, dichotomy—they appear as my worst enemies, striking terror within me and making me feel frustrate. But are they really inimical? It is only the unknown, the unseen that frightens, that appears disproportionate. It is the function of darkness to obliterate distinctions and proportions. What is understood is annihilated; it is made a part of self and one therefore ceases to be afraid of it. Time keeps things fresh, space provides the perspective, and causation assures the rule of the law, contradictoriness keeps the play on and underlines proportion and balance—we do not get stuck up in one thing. Whatever evil I commit, in my own eye I am never guilty, so guilty as others may take me to be. To myself I am never thoroughly and finally dead. What I believe in is truer than what others pin their faith to. All these are indications that at a certain level I am, I can be, free from sin, free from death, free from

blindness. There is hope for me, for every man, for the race. Time is a curer, space is a leveller, and causation is a lift, which brings some down and takes others up and the whole process of which is one extension, is one continuity.

( 20 )

The price is great because the prize is great. And whereas the price is great, whereas the prize is great, the keys to the solution of the puzzle are also many and varied and ever-present. Hints for the solutions crowd upon us from all sides, and surge in our hearts at all times. Meteors pass, lightning flashes, to fertilize; heat and light and magnetism bring their keys to unlock some of the treasures. How many have been the occasions when a bird, a noble person, a law, a love, a view, a statue, or a line of verse has brought me a deeper understanding of myself ! It has often assured me of my place in the past and in the future. It has delivered me messages of hope and cheer and compensation from gods and angels and fairies. It has dropped in a stocking whole plans and charts of treasure islands. Inspiration and revelation—why there is no end of it. And each revelation, though a link in a chain, a day in the year, comes with a charm of its own, with an overwhelming freshness and pervading enchantment. The cloud, the sunset, the dawn, the ever-spreading tree, the silent mendicant, the leprous beggar and the infected prostitute all stand there with messages written on their faces, messages

of interdependence, of interrelatedness. How important am I ! For do they not appeal to me for love, for justice, for appreciation of their beauty, for sympathy for their ugliness. Were I to feel responsible for all of them, I shall feel truly great. To be *Brahman*, to be God, is to assume personal responsibility for every single act, past and present, of the creation ; it is to bear the brunt and burden of all, from the humblest to the mightiest. In medieval Indian literature there are three sublime utterances than which there has been for me nothing sublimer. Guru Gobind Singh (1666-1708 A.D.) is the author of two and the third is attributed to Guru Nanak Deva (1469-1538).

1. God knows of the sufferings of every one, every single being, be he a saint or a sinner.

2. The loud wail of the elephant in pain reaches Him much later than the silent lament of the dying ant.

3. That is the golden age when a whole nation is held responsible for the sin and the crime and the lapse of a single individual member of it ; that is the silver age when the whole caste-brotherhood assumes responsibility for the misdeed of a member ; that is the brass age when the entire family agrees to be taken to task for the ungainly conduct of a member ; that is the iron age when only the individual himself is hauled up for his transgression.

How sublime, indeed, are all the three ! How glorious were these witnesses to the importance of the individual and to the greatness of the Lord. Who Am I ? I am a witness, a very particular and significant witness to the glory of man and God. I am a particular path which He traces from Himself to Himself, from the manifest to the unmanifest. We come from the unmanifest and we return to the unmanifest. The unmanifest throbs with, teems with, ever greater life. There is no darkness in which the cows of light are not hidden and there is no source of light at the heart of which the dark, the unmanifest does not reside. Somewhere within death hides life and to live is to die every day to some part, some emotion of ourself, for life is a continuous series of sacrifices, self-givings, radiations. And yet radiation does not reduce the mass ; it is a characteristic of light, so is it a characteristic of magnetism, so of motion. Life is a clock automatic, which winds itself as the hands move. The less important I feel, the more completely I surrender, the more important do I grow in His eyes, the more useful and blessingful am I to my race, the less have I to worry to gain mastery of self and of nature. There is an opposite of every law, every love and that is as true, for the opposites just complete themselves in the third, the neutral. In the spiritual, the mental and the physical lose their antagonism and attain their common fulfilment. In the formless we taste all forms without feeling the limitation of any form. In Him our personality

becomes the most without our suffering from the exclusiveness which personality stands for. I am simultaneously, compresently, one and many in Him. I hear, see, taste, touch both time and timelessness in His bosom, at His feet. He is both duality and non-duality, and what is beyond ; He is the manifest one-fourths and the unmanifest three-fourths and also the Undivided Whole. How can a sinner remain a sinner in His presence, how can an ignoramus remain an ignoramus in His presence, how can a dead body remain a dead body in His presence ? To attain to His presence is the easiest thing in all the three worlds. It is just to think of Him, to name Him by any name. I am but a name and the moment I make a present of my name to Him, treat my name as His name, I have flown to His presence on the wings of the word. Thinking of Him is difficult, but naming of Him is easy. The more I love Him, the more I long for Him, the more frequently and soulfully and impetuously will I recite His name. What more do I need ? By naming Him I obtain release, here and now, into the freedom of His qualities. Have we not been assured that he who remembers His name at death-bed attains immortal life. Why wait for the death-bed ? Who Am I ? Of course, a name of His. Guru Gobind Singh was not satisfied with the thousand and one names of the Lord current in the Hindu tradition. He loved Him so much that he would not rest till he had coined several thousand new names of His in all languages,



single and mixed ; aye, further, till he had transferred to Him the names of all other things, for instance, of the sword !!! And he used every conceivable traditional metre—about 200 in all—to sing the newly coined names of Him and in all manner of stanzaic forms. Yes, every name is His name, every measure His metre, every stanza His form, every victory His victory—for did not Guru Gobind Singh give us as our national cry and individual form of salutation : The pure are of God, and to God belongs the victory. Time, space, cause, dole Him out to us ; for our benefit they parcel Him well, for we cannot stand His blinding refulgence, His overwhelming bliss, and His all-powerful pull. At the lower level we are afraid of losing our individuality or personality—whichever you prefer—in Him ; but at the higher level we will insist that we must be rid of the last vestige of separation. What does it matter whether I find myself or not ; incidentally, as the final and destined fruit of research, I have found something much greater—my God. There are no incidents in this world, there is happy purposefulness, which makes us the happier by its surprises. And God is the end of all roads ; all roads whether of science or poetry, grammar or economics, politics or psychology, lead up to Him for He is the heart of all thought. All true freedoms are spiritual essentially, and all discoveries are the discoveries of God (dis-covery). All necessities are divinely imposed and the angel of death is an angel of God, not of the devil. *Yama*, the name

of the angel of death, is a name of God Himself and means, literally, control.

( 21 )

The problem is not to be great but to be aware of my greatness. The moment I am aware of my inter-relatedness with the universe, that very moment I am great, I enjoy my greatness. I want to be most happy. And when I have shed every care, every other awareness except of my self, I am most happy. In other words, happiness is already there as my purest deepest being; I have only to become aware of me. And whatever makes me shed other cares and other awarenesses aids me to "re-cover" my "lost" happiness, to re-grasp my forgotten being. When I am most happy, I am most forgetful, and then I have the tightest hold of my Self. I am most my Self when I am most happy. And when I have known a thing, an object or a law, or a love, I feel I have really known it all along, only I was not aware of that knowledge. Knowledge is as if only un-covering, un-veiling of a position of my own being, of something which was all along in my grip and grasp. Thus I am all-knowledge, all-joy, all-life, somehow led to ignorance of this truth, and seriously playing at recovery of my lost possession—my Self. So I am not a poor, little, miserable, helpless devil, and whatever takes me out of that poor, little, miserable, helpless devilry is the culmination, goal of knowledge, is *Vedanta*. *Vedanta* is not a philosophy, it is the peak of self-awareness, it is the highest triumph

of man, it is the Restoration of Kingliness, of *Brahmanatva* to Man, it is the Regaining of Lost Paradise. The ancient seer started with the visible lights—the eyes and the Sun and the Moon, and ended with the *Upanishad*, going from darkness to light of Self, he ended with the realization of the importance of the Self, *via* the knowledge of physics and astrophysics and astro-chemistry, and astro-biology. He started with reality and ended in the discovery of illusion. But the discovery of the illusion also pointed to the importance of the individual, the I, which deludes itself with mani-ness only to while away time, never losing hold of the Reality, the Personality of the Lord and the Self. Yes, God at our level is Personal; at His own level He is Impersonal, a Law, a Love, just as at my level I am only an individual but at His or my own profoundest level I am the very God, the *Vamana*, the *Nara*, ever at one with the *Virata* and the *Narayana*. How grand, how amusing that *Narayana*, *Sri Krishna*, drove the chariot of *Nara*, *Arjuna* !!! Yes, God drives the chariot of every Arjuna who not knowing his own or his driver's greatness, thinks of the driver as a friend, a relative, a party man. God is no God if He is not great enough to be the driver of every chariot, if He is not great enough personally to look after every tree in His Garden. If He cannot meet me at my level, bring me His love at my own door, minister to every need of mine, then He is not my God. And He on His side has really to do *none* of these deeds for so many, but just to be infinitely great and

eternally present, the pre-sider at every function. And I, to appeal to Him, to bring Him down, have nothing more to do than completely to surrender to Him and be entirely forgetful of myself, empty of my self, only retaining the pure awareness of awareness. Let me not be asleep when He comes; but let me be asleep just enough not to be aware of anything else. He comes in the twilight, He comes when seasons meet; He comes where rivers confluence, He comes where two courses, two parties, two opposites conjunct, He comes when and where life shakes hands with death, when good and evil lose themselves in each other, happiness and sorrow are transcended, and the individual and the society clasp each other in the last embrace. And He comes never single, never alone, but with His entire Heaven about Him. Paradise only fringes His presence, the content of which is fullest self-awareness of the entrant and no more, no less. God can only be the unseeable and the farthest God. God that comes down to us can only be a fish-god, a man-God and the man that rises to Him can only be the God-in-man. Only the similar can cure, can please, can know, can enliven the similar : the similar alone can be completely identified with. The opposites neutralize each other and the neutral alone can contain the opposites. God can only be a neutral God, an asexual God, a transcendent God. I am in my essence the same.

( 22 )

If my new philosophy of Relationalism, Correspondency, Inter-convertibility, Interdependence, and

Interpenetration, is correct, then a certain answer can be formulated to who am I, and from that answer can be deduced certain rights and duties for me—very startling indeed.

If I am a unity, if the universe is a unity, if I and the universe are one, if I am linked up with the physical world through physical hunger and likeness, in necessity, if I am linked up with all minds, in freedom, through wishing and willing and feeling, through identity, if I am the identical I, which pre-sides at every other object, if matter and mind are inter-convertible, if God is at the centre of my being, of every being, then I have rights which no democracy or republic can give, no fascism or monarchism can take away, I have knowledge and realization—which no leader, prophet, Guru, philosopher or scientist can impart or wrest from me, I have joy, which no possessions or deprivations should affect, I have life which is independent of birth and death, I have a vital relationship, dependence and penetration which strikes and sees far deeper than politics and economics can reach, I have power which being spiritual at base can never be flouted for long, I have an inexhaustible fund of love which neither killing nor non-killing can crab, crib and confine.

In other words, I am a man, indeed, and even as but a limb and a member impelled by the exigencies of necessity and freedom, body and spirit, I am very great, truly and wondrously, and having all, can afford

to give away all, thereby not losing but gaining the most. I can afford to die, I can afford to receive hurts, injuries, sorrows and insults. I can afford to stand alone amidst forests and snows and deserts, or mix in crowds and battle-arrays, provided of course I have humourfull hold on my interdependence and provided, of course, I let my driver be friend, guide and philosopher—and occasionally Master. Where is room for argument, for abject fear or vain hope or profitless, misdirected charity, or ineffectual seeking and *Sadhana*?

With equanimity, serenity, balance at my heart, I can afford to play any play amidst which I am set, or can enter any field of my own choice, in a serious spirit, and yet detachedly, as His-cum-My *Lila*, *Krida* Driven away are philosophies, vanish all systems that enslave, and perishes death itself or they all receive indulgence from me and are allowed to operate without any harm to me. There ensues a reconciliation of mine with a world, already known, and mastered or served. I serve myself if I serve the world; I master the world, if I master myself. Yes, Reconciliation, Recognition, Revelation, Repose and Re-establishment of disturbed gods and fires and powers are the five fruits of my fivefold philosophy. I re-establish the stars, the seasons, the senses, the *jivas*, the history, the flora and fauna, the order of space and cause, the beauty and truth of life, the deathlessness of death. He by His sacrifice established all this and pervaded it; I by my sacrifice, by my knowledge, add joy, re-establish

all this and pervade it. I take possession of what is mine by right, by birth. Don't you recall the popular belief that the spirit of the murdered possesses the person of the murderer till it has wreaked its vengeance?

( 23 )

There is a definite purpose of " Who Am I "; it is written to bring cheer to men, women and children who have suffered unspeakable, hitherto unheard-of atrocities in *Bharata*, the land of Fire, of the Divine Play; in Japan, the land of the First Ray-ing; in China, the land middle or the Realm Cardinal. To every one of these sufferers I say, ask yourself—who am I, see if the answer I have arrived at is correct, and feel assured that the evil-doers have done more harm to themselves than to you, that you are not the poorer, the worse, the less manly and godly for the evil done to you, that notwithstanding all that is being done or said it is a good world and He is a good God, a kind God, a loving God, that what has died has not died for all time, that the law of compensation and contradiction or neutralization must have its recourse, that storms and meteoric falls and eclipses and lightnings and floods are as fertilizing, saving, creative, sublime as clouds and breezes and comets and streams and constellations. From death to life and life to death is one extension, and the poor individual and the mighty state, the victim and the vanquisher, the seen and the unseen, time and eternity are complementary, explanatory halves of each other, working for one another's neutralization, That

is the law, that is the destiny, that is the love. Let *Who Am I* restore your dignity to you, your cosmic importance to you, your faith in man, nature and God to you ; let it make you independent of states, free of religions, and fearless of evil and injury in the sense that what you have, none can take away, that none can " give " you anything essential and important that you already do not possess. Rights and duties are inseparable, two names for the same realization, two views of the same scene from right and left. Your rights I have outlined above are your duties as well, and your duties your privileges. Those who live by the physical shall perish by the physical and those who pray to the spiritual shall be freed, empowered, pleased, enlivened, and made wise by the spiritual. Man has nothing of vital importance which he can lose, which he can be deprived of by rape, stabbing, plunder. His most important possession is his Self ; the rest are his belongings which he can afford to lose every now and then for higher ends ; aye, even those belongings come back, are added unto him, as the Christ said.

I am I and that no one can take away; my dearest possession is my relationship with God and with the entire universe, my Sonship, and that no one can ruin or steal. If I am aware of these, then I am free amidst bondage, alive in the grip of death, wise though girt by darkness of ignorance all round, an Arjuna in the battlefield and a Janaka at the Court, aye, a Naciketas and a Vyasa and a Vashishtha at tapas, a Buddha in meditation.



( 24 )

Escape, and find freedom and power and inter-relation in the spiritual where alone freedom is possible. The body, the physical, represents necessity, bondage, company ; the mind represents freedom and its instruments, and aloneness, and power, airworthiness. Remember earth is the uttermost of solidification, of objectivization, whence it is the farthest from Heaven, and yet it is nearest to Heaven. Man, the weakest, most sensitive, physically, is the strongest, spiritually. Every man is an individual, but also a universal. The inflictor of sufferings knows not who he is and who the other fellow is, and so is bound. Let the sufferer know and be free. One knowing individual can neutralize the evil doings of a whole state, can bear the burden of the entire universe, as, of course, he can retard a world's moral and social progress. The individual is still the master. The only difference is that law and love are on the side of the good individual, for into the very constitution of the universe have been mixed the good, the true and the beautiful.

And not ultimacy but immediacy and urgency is the rule of joy and life and knowledge. The good triumphs, the beautiful transforms, the true pervades and perfumes not ultimately but immediately, somehow on some plane. It at once begins to take effect, it, that is, the power spiritual, the thought noble, the act relational or serviceful. On the other hand, the very nature of evil which is divisionism, compulsion,

attachment, darkness, ignorance, acts as a check on further mischief—further than the physical hurt, to the victim, and prevents the multiplication, fertilization of the deed, while the evil act generates in the doer so much fear, causes him so much loss of personality, of greatness, of share in the good and the beauty and the truth of the universe. The darkness in him grows darker, the divisionism grows intenser, the barrenness grows more barren. He becomes smaller, more insignificant, less fruit-bearing, more hard, till there being no more good function left for him to perform, he is eliminated, he is split up. The evil-doer is most physical, harder than flint, more barren than sand. Watch his disappearance. The order of the world unites, co-operates to dispel, to eject, to reject the disordering factors. Evil is a mote in the eye and the whole body system and mind system sets in motion to expel it. Be sure of that—you do not stand alone in your fight with the devil. More thinking, more of loud thinking, more of silent contemplation, and you will soon be able to answer for yourself—Who Am I. What you will attain thereafter will be for the good of the entire world, even for the good of the doer of evil to you. For the evil-doer may have forgotten you, you in the moment of your virtuous triumph shall be compelled by your sharp goodness to seek him out and yet save him. The evil-doer has done evil and shut his eyes to the consequences that have started coming towards him, while the victim of his evil strains his eyes and ears and touch to spy and

welcome the movement of an entire interrelated universe to avenge the wrong done to an organic, vital member of its body corporate. Yes, the world is on the side of the under-dog, the world always waits for and bows to the spiritual man who takes it out of its physicality, enslaving, weakening, darkening physicality. The world forthwith waits for, longs for the man who knows what and who he is so that he may share his knowledge with the world and make it stronger, more co-operative, more interdependent and more and more responsible for every one of its parts. The head is personally responsible not only for the hands and the stomach and the thighs but for the doings of the feet also, and with no feet, literally and idiomatically, to stand upon where is the head? The answer to who am I gives me feet to stand upon, to stand straight and erect, to walk right into the parlour of the Lord, and the Council-Halls of the State. Let us not fear the state, the religious leader, the economic planner, the scientific discoverer ; they have been and are too much with us. No new discoveries, no new plans, no new organizations, no controls and sanctions and frontiers, no revelations can take away what the Lord God and what the constitution of the universe have given us by way of fundamental rights, by way of a charter of freedom, joy, knowledge and life, by way of the initial structure of our Self, by way of common responsibility and interpenetration and interdependence. Let us be true to ourselves, let us know ourselves truly and well, and all will yet be well for

every individual, for whom alone God exists and to whom *Moksha* is at once available. Yes, I, the individual-universal, perfect, in full possession of myself, am the goal of the World Order, and in my perfection is the perfection of the world, in the establishment of order in the world is my peace.

( 25 )

My only right and duty and privilege is to attain to full, voluntary, pure awareness of the law and the love; for the rest the patterned wheel of the universe including myself will continue to rotate and revolve according to plan and purpose inherent in its make-up. I must put faith in the perfection of the order. I must do nothing which minimizes me, for maximization is good, my inmost, just, noble, true ambition and this maximization is nothing but more and more of linking up with others through giving, through smiling, through radiation, through service, through goodwill. The flower escapes from its rootedness, the star from its ceaseless motion, the mind from its own bewildering variety by smiling, by concentration, by *yoga*. Let me feel free under compulsion, and feel bound in freedom; let me react so as to neutralize the charges sent towards me. What you assimilate, analyse, contradict is neutralized, as silence neutralizes noise, or form neutralizes vacuum. My wife asks me, have I found who I am? My son and daughter, only 14 and 10 are happy I am writing a book, Who Am I? They are obviously—consciously or unconsciously—interested

in knowing whether I know myself better now, for to know myself better is to be of greater, deeper service to myself and to them. To know myself is to know how to face up to attacks from within and without, to know myself more and better is to be more effective and fruitful in my inter-relatedness. To know myself better is to be more and more reconciled to things physical and more and more desirous of things spiritual, for in the spiritual is the maximization, in the physical the minimization. And yet I am greatest when I stand alone, as great as when I have embraced the whole. No statement is complete until its opposite has been formulated.

( 26 )

Biology, Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, Politics, Geography, History, Zoology, etc., yes, you must interrelate all through and within yourself. Transmute, convert each of them into another and change all the gifts they bring—observations and laws—into the terms of, into the truths of, *Brahmavidya*. All are intended to serve *Mokṣha*, to provide material and mental illustrations for your own intuitions of truth, for the spiritual beauties of your being, your structure; all are intended wholly and solely to bring you freedom, prove your greatest greatness and smallest smallness and unique worth. They pull you out, take you out of the mess of ignorance, they arouse in you the consciousness of the various levels you combine, mix up, in you and they carry you to the highest level where your real

loneliness and companionship are revealed. *Vedanta* does not *impose* a God on you ; it *makes* a God of you and then says, you have become God, but you cannot become what you never have been and so concludes that you were God all the time on the level of ignorance and under the pressure of ignorance—suffering rotation—revolution. Up there every stone of the earth becomes a star and down here the star becomes the stone. Take in this one truth of science which is simultaneously a truth of *Brahmavidya*. All knowledge, all joy, all peace, all balance, all beauty, all greater, *Brihad* life—in which the many are the one at the deepest and highest level—takes you, a stone, up there where there is no pressure and makes you *Brihad*, *Brāhman*, a star, indeed. This is *Vedanta*. If you cannot rise at once, then at least hitch yourself to a star, surrender completely to a star or the star, the Sun. That is *Bhakti* or devotion. Let the *Guru*—the Fire which takes you out of darkness into light—heat up the stone in or of you tremendously and thereby lift you up, through sacrificial fires, to become a star. Hitching yourself to the Star is *Yoga*. And there are eighteen kinds of it. Hitching yourself to your own I, pure and blessed, is one such *Atma yoga*. If you act sacrificially, if through intense *tapas* and *dhyana*, contemplation, through your gradual raising of your own temperature and reduction of the pressure of attachment of self-interest (cohesion) you raise yourself more and more, then you are becoming a star, becoming a

light, a *devata* then you are employing the method of *karma yoga*. The descent was from *Akasa* to *Prithivi*, the ascent is from *Prithivi* to *Akasa*. God is no more than the light of lights, the sound of sounds, the darkness of darknesses, the aloneness of alonenesses, the spaciousness of spaciousnesses, and the 'I' of I's.

( 27 )

Wings, aye, wings I need to fly out of the window on God and Infinity that I am. Guru Arjan Dev says : Were wings available on sale, I would buy them for all I possess ; then I will fit them to my body and fly throughout the skies to find my Love. Man has wings of thought, of spiritual intuition, of balanced and interrelated knowledge. Man in Sanskrit is *Manusha*, a mind ; not a body, mind you. The body represents the weight necessary to keep him on earth, just enough to balance the urge of his wings. As you go up, the pressure decreases, cohesion diminishes, the dead weight goes, you split, split into becoming a star, and then just a flash of you, a lightning, remains, the dead weight of time-space-cause, of body and mind both, expressed in terms of day and night, seasons, half-year in the *Upanishad*. Wings, yes, wings we have, every one of us, and the air is the air of similitude and identity, the force is of *tapas* and *saranagati*, austerity and surrender, the person going alone is I, the rest are all his possessions, his means, his light equipment and his heavy equipment. Do not

think too much of your weight. Feel the pressure less ; do not let an event oppress you too much. Do not let the world weigh too heavy on you—this world of action and reaction, of time, that is death, of space that is attachment, of causation, that is rotatory and revolutionary thinking. Feel light and illumed. Darkness is not positive, it is just something negative, again a dead weight to counterbalance the lightness of you. Earth does not stand alone, is not contradictory, but only a mixture of *Akasa* and *Vayu* and *Agni* and *Jala* or *Apa*. *Akasa* alone is an element, the rest are compounds. Earth has fieriness in it, fluidity in it, expansiveness, pervasiveness and stability in it. Make use of all, be aware of it, know when to be earth, when to be fire, when to be water, when to be air and when to be just *Akasa*, pure *Akasa*. Know when to attract and when to dispel, when and also what. Create a vacuum between you and the oppressing or uplifting forces, outer and inner, and then you will remain your self, untouched, unoppressed, unattached, free in your pristine freedom, illuminant in your cosmic luminancy, and changeless and serene in your divine ancestry. Knowledge, if transmuted into truth through inter-relation, must not, does not strike fear into our heart and make us feel helpless, disintegrated, bound, sinful individuals. It is false knowledge, false organization, false production and distribution, false procreation and creativity which make you feel a whit less than God. Art and Poetry and Science and Politics must bring gods down and take up men and bring about a



contact, a converse between the two. History is such a converse, Philosophy is such a converse, Geology is such a converse. Seek a marriage between heaven and earth, see yourself as a spouse in a boundless *harem*. Yes, that is the attitude preached and practised by the Indian Mystics one of whom says: He alone is male, all of us are spouses of that Lord. Let us try to be worthy of his Love, His nearness, which is union. How can earth *qua* earth be worthy of heaven and how can heaven *qua* heaven take us into its embrace? And yet Heaven has the earth in its embrace, of which alas! earth is unaware. The tragedy is not that we are not great but that we are not aware of our greatness; the tragedy is not that we have inherent defects or vices which constitute our destiny that wrecks us, the tragedy is that we have the defects of our virtues; the tragedy is that we are simultaneously body and mind, we are so sensitive at one end and so stony at the other, we are both human and divine, both one and many. And were we not both, how could we link up to both the human and the divine? The tragedy is in the structure, in the necessity of the play itself. No play, no marriage, no knowledge, no love, no joy can obtain, exist with only one end, one actor. As He became Great, *Brahman*, He the unmanifest became manifest as two ends, heaven and earth, positive and negative, male and female, but the *Veda* never talks of heaven and earth, always of heaven-and-earth, neither as He and She in manifestation, but only as *Ardhanarishvara*. When

electricity is generated, it is whole but a whole comprising and comprehending both positive and negative; when an electron goes out, the coming back after touching a limit within the particular orbit of it, is a part of the commission granted to it. It is only functions that are named positive and negative; it is only the direction which is named differently. When the electric spark is manifested, the positive-negative separate in the one and then one of these two unites with the one—its opposite—of another. Let us keep all this in view when thinking of ourselves or the universal order. And that orbit, that fixed, destined orbit, and its fixed valency and speed, its fixed content and functioning, which functioning takes place on various levels, is interrelated and interconvertible, is different and yet the same in isolation and in combination. When I say I the very minute one, have a destiny and am linked up with the very Great, I mean no slur in the first sentence and no flattery or fancy in the second. I state the fact and the truth. And yet the fixed and limited orbit for me provides me with the taste of infinity; even out of the finite with the help of my spirit, I can press out the infinite; the orbit can be infinitized through combination, co-operation, similitude and identity, by intensification inside and extension outside both of which are open to me. If you in your life do not extend, do not intermingle, well, the purposeful death will do it, it will impress your detachability on you as nothing else does and at the same time it will teach you the secret of interrelatedness

and immortality. Who am I? Go on repeating this question before and after each new experience, physical and mental, and you will taste a new bigness, joy, life, wisdom each time. Do not lose hold of yourself, your I, do not let it mingle and be depressed in ignorance; mix awaringly, die willingly, give voluntarily in the full knowledge of the relationship, and then no weight, no compounding, no loneliness will depress you, but each experience will yield a new *Rasa* on some level.

To know that there is a destiny, that there is an orbit within, going and returning along a path, and a companionship or a relationship, and to be told that there is infinity within a grain and outside a grain, to know that there are closed universes in an infinite universe, to know that there is indeterminacy as well as determinacy, a bent as well as a continuity is to know at once the best thing that can happen to the individual, is to receive the fullest assurance of one's supreme importance, is to feel safe, serene and sure, is to shed all unnecessary tension, is to enjoy both individuality and universality, is to live both at the circumference and at the centre, is to get the best out of both the tragedy and the comedy of life, is to probe both into darkness and light.

I am addicted to the study of roots. Among the most misused, misunderstood words are Destiny and *Kismet*—occidental and oriental. Add God to them.

What do we mean when we say, in the East, such

is my *Kismet*, this is our Nation's *Kismet*, our people's *Kismet*. *Kismet* literally means division, share. It is equivalent to dis-position, dis-pensation.

Destine: Fr.,—L. *destinare*—*de*, inten., and root *sta*—, in *stare*, to stand.

What is your destiny is where do you stand? Your standard is your destiny; there is no destiny for life; *life is destiny*. Life is extension in a direction, one of the ten directions, depth and height being two. Life in having divided itself into infinite parts, has manifested so many stands, so many shares, capacities. Each of us represents a capacity which extends into endless past and endless future. To be a destined one, to be a destiny for oneself is the highest privilege of a becoming. The emotional realization of the full content of the word destiny is to feel that one has not died, has not 'become', but has still to move, still to extend and intend in some direction.

But is our share limited? Is our capacity banked? Suppose we were told just this much: You can grow unlimitedly and overflow your banks as you please; and were not assured that we shall be directed and directioned in our extension and intension, would we not feel lost, would not our freedom seem a mockery, seem to mock us. Our destiny is really a form of His Divine Grace; it is its highest and best and most beautiful form. Stands change, capacities grow more or less. Standards rise and fall. But in this

growing more or less, going up or down, we are assured of an individual stand, of a saving directedness and individuality—inborn character-retaining mechanism.

Life has been guaranteed its meaning, which undergoes endless formation and conversion. Life enjoys irreversibility which form does not ; hence life and form are in opposition as spirit and nature. The form becomes the destiny of life but does it exhaust the meaning of life, the reach of the spirit, the good of activity, the joy of beauty, the music of truth ?

Through various ages and epochs nations\* retain their destiny, fulfilling themselves in many ways, through extension and intension, victory and defeat.

I met Mr. .... at a small tea-party at Lahore. I cannot recall the exact provocation but

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\* The diplomat who drapes lies and doles them out as truth, the business-king who arranges wars and treaties, the cabinet and conference members who suppress liberty, the scientist who in the name of fact and peace, employs fiction and produces slaughter-machinery, and lastly the philosopher who splitting one becoming into ends and means, makes a business of love and stands still trying to learn wisdom from history treated as a museum of 'becomes,' dead bones rather than as a living drama of infinite acts, which uses all thoughts like all actions as its players,—destined players—all these conveniently forget that if the sins of a father are visited upon his children, their own enormities and monstrosities must be paid for by their countrymen, less fortunate but more innocent. Internationalism on any level is a negation of human destiny and the world is paying more heavily for the unfixable sins of the United Nations committed out of an utter lack of common sense, decency and spiritual farsight and insight. A nation that thinks others have no right to live or can live only as exploitable slaves, is a standing menace more to its own existence than to that of others.

I remember the words I was roused to utter: "A nation is to be judged by its defeats not by its victories, by its failures not by its successes. It is only at your lowest, at your worst, in your most dejected and despaired moods that the fact of destiny is most brilliantly and convincingly brought before you; destiny wells up from somewhere in you and with her serene, faithful face says: Here am I, I have come to take you out somehow from the nether region, to take you on to somewhere. There is no full stop, no death, no defeat, for I represent the gods, the one God. My defeat would be the defeat of the Lord."

I have passed through hell during the last eighteen months. But whenever I have felt completely lost, thoroughly vanquished, felt that it was now a matter for urgent divine intervention, a point where some oppressor or event stood as if challenging the might of His Dispensation, as if it was a question of my enemy *vs.* my God, the miracle has happened, destiny has asserted itself, because I felt, believed that there was a way for me although I could see no way out. I am the way which leads through the universe to the Lord; I represent a way that does go on, that cannot be stopped or checked by mountain or river, fire or storm. My belief has been rewarded by a miracle; in preciser language, life has asserted itself.

The great thing is not to confuse the Self with its instruments of fulfilment. The destiny is there, the instruments now non-existent will soon be drawn to it.

You have nothing, but you have destiny; you are a stand and with that firmly in your heart you can and shall stand erect, triumphant before the apparently, seemingly, silent, inactive God and the vocal, oppressive man and nature.

You are an end, it is the end that draws to it the means. The more you believe in *Kismet*, Destiny, the greater your speed of achievement, the intenser your fire and fervour.

But, and it is a big but, there is no such thing as an exclusive stand, a share which can obliterate or swallow other shares. It just cannot swallow though it may appear or seem to. No nation has gained at the expense of another, only if it knew the whole truth. Every addition to your share, sinfully effected, has been effected at the expense of a loss in some form, at some level. There is therefore no such thing as national destiny. So much blood has been and is being spilt in the name of national destiny. Blood is no spiritual food, nor land nor goods, nor even the sense of mastery; and destiny is entirely a spiritual affair. It is a direction to the individual soul (*Jiva*) to come back home, a secret word spoken, entrusted to it, a kiss or a seal imprinted on it. The seal bears the words I AM. The individual soul falls, remembers the I but forgets the AM, till destiny every now and then flashes itself, spins into his vision as AM. This is the answer to WHO AM I.







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